How To Edge Your Umamusume

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How To Edge Your Umamusume

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Summary

After performing well at a practice race Opera's trainer STROKES HIM OFF HOT AND NASTY STYLE AND EDGES HIM UNTIL HE EXPLODES

Notes

AUGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH ITS EVERYWHERE OH MY GOD ITS ALL OVER MY SCREENNNN

The practice race had ended with the same grand, blazing explosion that it had started with, the echoing sounds of the starting bell still lingering in your ears, the kind of sound that carried long after the actual event had passed.

But over time you had learned to ignore it, because right now the only sound that truly mattered, was the smug, contented breathing of the giant walking beside you. Today's performance had been nothing short of textbook, he had been first out of the gate and first to cross the finish.

Even now on the concrete tunnels exiting the track Opera's strides were effortless, each step a graceful glide that covered twice the ground of your own. His long, powerful legs, encased in white thigh highs moved with a liquid ease that belied the explosive power you'd just witnessed minutes before.

Sweat beaded on his temples and trickled down the strong column of his throat, catching the light and making his skin gleam like marble. He was, in a word, radiant. And he knew it.

He held his head high, crown glinting beneath the overhead lights, his chest visibly rising and falling with the proud rhythm of someone who believed the world existed to celebrate his victory. His tail flicked with a rhythmic sway, accentuating his self-assured gait.

"A performance for the ages, would you not agree, my dear trainer?" His voice, usually a booming proclamation meant for the seats, was a lower, richer timbre now, brimming with satisfaction. His vibrant purple eyes, were fixed on some distant point in the far beyond, as if he could already see his name being etched into the stars.

You adjusted your bag on your shoulder, feigning a little sigh and giving him a sideways glance that held just enough annoyance to be playful. "You know, most people save their energy for the actual race. That was just practice, Opera."

"Just practice?!" He stopped mid-step, spinning toward you so swiftly that his cape fanned out dramatically, catching a stray glimmer of light. His hand shot out in front of him, ringed finger pointed deadcenter to your heart. "You wound me! Even in practice, my brilliance must never falter—nay, it must dazzle brighter still!"

You smirked despite yourself, shaking your head. "Alright, alright. You dazzled plenty. I think half the other uma forgot it was a practice

and started trying to keep up just because you wouldn't stop showing off."

Opera's smile widened at that, as though you had handed him the sweetest morsel of flattery. He leaned down—towering height making it easy for him to close the distance—and peered at you with an expectant tilt of his head. "Mmmm, well go on. Don't stop there. Tell me how their spirits crumbled beneath my majestic presence. Tell me how even the sun itself dimmed in shame as I shone brighter!"

You rolled your eyes but couldn't resist playing into it. "Fine, fine. You looked like you were floating half the time—like a swan gliding through the sky, wasn't that what you said once? The others didn't stand a chance."

Opera clasped his hands to his chest and let out a sigh that sounded almost melodramatic enough to belong in an actual opera hall. "Ahhh, yes! Finally, the words befitting my performance—they all describe me and yet fall short before the truth of what I am!" He straightened, raising both arms toward the ceiling of the corridor as though presenting himself to some invisible audience.

"And to think, you are the fortunate soul chosen to witness it all up close. Trainer, surely you must thank the stars every night for such an honor!"

You chuckled and shook your head again, letting your voice take on that deliberately dry tone he liked to bounce off of. "Yeah, I'll be sure to send them a thank-you note tonight. 'Dear stars, thanks for blessing me with the most exhausting racer in the world.'"

His eyes widened at the mockery, but instead of taking offense, he laughed louder. "Exhausting, yes—but only because the radiance of perfection itself is exhausting to behold! You admit it, Trainer, you cannot look away!"

You gave him a small, exaggerated bow, matching his theatrics for once. "How could I? You were flawless out there today. Not a single stumble. Perfect form, perfect finish. If I didn't know any better, I'd think you're actually serious about this whole 'Overlord' thing."

His ears flicked forward, now was his turn to be annoyed, and he placed a hand on his hip while the other dramatically brushed across his chest. "Of course I'm serious! To be the Centurial Overlord is my destiny! And with you at my side, dutifully showering me with acknowledgment, we shall ascend to heights no one has yet dared to

dream!”

You raised an eyebrow. “Dutifully, huh? That’s one way of putting it.”

“The only way of putting it!” he declared, striding ahead again, cape swishing as though it, too, basked in the attention.

"Of course." you repeated, trying your best to keep up at his pace. You could feel the heat radiating from his massive frame. Being this close to him after a race was like standing next to a finely tuned, beautifully sculpted furnace. "Your form was flawless, your stamina was incredible. You could have run another three kilometers without breaking a sweat, I bet."

"But of course!" he chirped, his satisfaction growing with every word of praise. His tail, a swish of orange and cream, flicked happily behind him. "My heart burns with a raging passion! To deny the world this spectacle would be a crime!" He nudged your shoulder with his own, a gesture that, from him, was gentle but still sent you stumbling a step to the side. "And yet…"

You regained your footing, shooting him a look. "And yet, what?"

His gaze dropped from the ceiling to finally settle on you. The look in his eyes was more than enough to tell you what this was. The open air losing its vastness, the playful energy shifting into something heavier. He leaned in again, his voice dropping to a whisper that was somehow louder than any shout. "Such a performance… such a display of absolute, undeniable perfection… surely it warrants more than mere words, does it not?"

Before you could answer, you felt a puff of hot, moist air directly against your ear. A shiver traced its way down your spine as Opera blew gently against the sensitive skin. His lips were so close you could feel their shape. “A reward worthy of the Overlord,” he purred, his tone leaving no room for any other interpretation. He nudged your head with his cheek, a bratty, insistent gesture like a giant cat demanding to be petted. "You understand, do you not?”

You felt your face flush, a mix of annoyance and something else, something hot and thrilling directly at the base of your stomach. This wasn't the comical opera king for the cameras anymore. This was the predator beneath the pageantry, and he knew exactly how to push your buttons.

You turned your head, presenting him with your most unimpressed

glare, though you knew it had no real heat behind it. His face was inches from yours, his smug smirk telling you that he saw right through your act. He knew you were just as caught up in this as he was.

"You are insufferable," you muttered, the words lacking any real bite.

"Yet corruptible am I not?" he asked softly, his breath ghosting across your lips. "So much so it makes even my own trainer weak."

That was it. You weren't going to let him have the final word, not out here. With a frustrated growl that was half performance, half actual irritation, you reached up. Your fingers coiled into the stiff, golden-trimmed collar of his racing uniform. The fabric was damp with sweat, and you could feel the powerful, rhythmic pulse of the carotid artery in his neck beneath your knuckles.

"Alright you big baby," you bit out, giving the collar a sharp tug. "You want a reward? You'll get it."

For all his immense strength, he gave way with a delighted little gasp, allowing you to pull him down. His massive frame bent at the waist, his head lowering until his smug, beautiful face was level with yours. His eyes shone with triumphant glee, his lips parted in a breathless smile. He was a goddess allowing a mortal to touch him, and he was loving every second of it.

"Heehee…" A low, cheery chuckle rumbled in his chest, vibrating through your hand. "How could you resist? When faced with such greatness surely you—"

"Just shut up and start walking," you cut him off, but you didn't let go. Instead, you kept your grip firm on his collar, leading him close at your heels as you turned the corner and pushed open the heavy door to the locker rooms.

Stepping inside, it clicked shut behind you, its solid thud echoing in the cavernous, tiled space. The air in here was cool, much different to the sun-baked heat of the track. Long steel benches lined the walls, facing rows of tall, empty lockers. The only sounds were the soft slap of your shoes on the floor and the almost inaudible hum of the ventilation system. It was a sterile, private world, and you were holding its king by the collar.

Opera made no move to pull away, his compliance a heady sort of power you wielded. You kept your grip tight, knuckles pressing

against the warm, vibrant life in his throat, and steered him toward the nearest bench. "Sit," you commanded, your voice a low growl that felt wonderfully audacious. You put your shoulder into it, pushing against his solid midsection with all your might.

It was, of course, utterly useless. It was like trying to shove a boulder. You might as well have been pushing against the wall of the building. But the performance was the point. With a deeply amused laugh, Opera allowed himself to be "pushed." He let his legs fold gracefully, collapsing onto the bench with the sigh of a martyred king, his long legs sprawling. He leaned back on his hands, chest puffed out proudly, presenting himself to you.

The position was one of complete, regal ease, an open and blatant invitation. He looked down at you, a monarch observing a particularly entertaining courtier, his eyes glittering with a mixture of arrogance and hungry anticipation. His tail gave a slow swish, the tip brushing against the floor. "My, my, Trainer," he purred, his voice slithering into your ears. "How wonderfully assertive. It seems my brilliance has ignited a fire in you as well."

"Just be quiet for five seconds, please," you muttered, stepping between his parted knees. The sheer scale of him hit you all over again. Seated, his head was still a good two feet above yours. His thighs, solid columns of muscle honed by countless hours of running, bracketed you on either side. You were completely enveloped by his presence, his scent, his body heat. You knelt down, your knees pressing against the cool, damp tiles, bringing you face-to-face with the intricate golden belt and ornaments of his racing attire.

Your hands, which had been so bold just moments ago, felt a little clumsy as you began to work at the clasps of his skirt. "You're so annoying, you know that?" you said, your fingers fumbling with a particularly stubborn buckle. "Demanding and needy and… and so damn extra all the time." Your touch was firm, your fingers pressing into the taut plane of his stomach, feeling the tightly-packed core muscles beneath the thin fabric.

A low hum of pleasure was constant over his skin. "Mhm," he murmured, his eyes half-lidded as he watched your hands.

You gritted your teeth, a flush crawling up your neck as you gave in completely. "But god… are you beautiful." You finally managed to undo the main belt, your knuckles brushing against the heated skin of his abdomen. You moved to the fasteners of the skirt itself, your palms

sliding over the swell of his hips. "You're just… perfect. Every line, every muscle. When you run, you're not even touching the ground. So radiant it's like nothing else even matters."

The word hung in the air, and you felt the immediate, visceral effect it had on him. A sharp hiss of breath escaped his lips. Beneath your questing hands, you felt a distinct change through the fabric. A pressure began to build, a burgeoning thickness that hadn't been there a moment before. His praise kink was a finely tuned instrument, and you were planning on playing it like a virtuoso.

"Hah..." and like clockwork, the first sharp, breathless were making themselves known.

You pressed on, your thumb stroking the now turgid length that was stretching against the fabric of his underwear. "They all know it. Every person in that stadium knows who the Overlord is. They should all be on their knees for you, just like this."

You continued, sliding your hand down the front, deliberately pressing your palm against the growing bulge. It was already impressively large, a thick, hardening ridge of flesh. "You can be unbelievably arrogant at times." Your thumb stroked harder, feeling the shape of the thick cockhead beneath. "But you have every right to be." You leaned in closer, your cheek almost brushing against his thigh, your voice dropping to a whisper. "Nobody shone brighter than you today, Opera. You were magnificent. The most handsome, glorious prince anyone has ever seen."

You felt it then, a powerful, undeniable throb against your palm. His entire body went taut, a shiver racking his massive frame. His tail lashed once, cracking against the floor like a whip. His breath hitched, turning into a low, desperate moan of pure ecstasy. He loved it. He didn't just want the praise; he needed it. It was fuel, it was life, it was the most potent aphrodisiac in the world to him, and feeling him react so strongly to your words, to your touch, was a heady drug in itself. The magnificent Overlord, the untouchable star, throbbing helplessly in your hand because you called him pretty.

A near wicked smirk spread across your face. You felt the heated throb again, a solid, rhythmic pulse of arousal against your palm that was a direct answer to your words. This was going to be good. The great T.M. Opera O, the Centurial Overlord, reduced to a panting, needy mess with just a few well-placed compliments. It was an intoxicating power, and you had every intention of abusing it.

"Look at that." you whispered, your voice a low, teasing caress. You shifted your hand, letting your fingers fully cup the heavy weight in his boxers. The fabric was a thin, stretchy athletic blend, the front already darkening and growing slick with his leaking arousal.

"The great Overlord, so overwhelmed by his own perfection that his body can't even contain it. Is that it?" You began to stroke him, a slow, drawn out slide of your hand from the thick, heavy base of his shaft all the way up to the broad tip at the edge of the bulge. His entire body jolted, a strangled gasp catching in his throat.

"Tis no fault of my own… " he panted, his head thrown back, the strong cords of his neck standing out in sharp relief. " It is... the proper... response to such truth … "

"It certainly is," you purred. His cock was enormous, a truly monumental piece of anatomy befitting his scale. It was as thick around as your bicep, and even through the fabric, you could feel the rigid strength of it, the prominent veins that snaked along its length, pumping blood. The sheer weight of it in your hand was staggering. You applied more pressure, your thumb finding the sensitive ridge of his frenulum through the cloth.

Opera cried out, a sharp, high-pitched sound of pure pleasure. His powerful hips bucked against your hand, a desperate, instinctual movement. His tail began to thump against the bench with a loud, rhythmic thump… thump… thump…, the sound echoing in the quiet room. It was an unrestrained, primal display of his skyrocketing arousal.

"Look at you," you murmured, your gaze fixed on the frantic thumping of his tail. "Getting all hot and bothered just because I'm telling you the truth." You moved your hand again, this time using just the tip of your index finger to trace the outline of his massive cockhead. You could feel the slickness of his pre-cum soaking through the fabric, making your fingertip glide easily over the swollen crown. "You truly are a spectacle, Opera. Everything about you is built on a grander scale."

"Yes… yes!" he gasped, his voice losing its regal composure and becoming a little more needy. "Grand… I am… the grandest… The greatest opera of all time…"

"The greatest opera of all time," you echoed, your voice dropping to near reverence. You took the thick, throbbing length of him in your

fist, squeezing gently. He moaned, a long, keening sound that vibrated through his whole body. "And this is the star performer, isn't it? This huge, perfect cock. So big, so hard… throbbing with its own magnificence." You matched your words with your actions, stroking him with a steady, relentless rhythm. You could feel him trembling under your touch, his whole body caught in the throes of the pleasure you were giving him.

"Trainer…" he whimpered, the title a desperate prayer on his lips. "More… Tell me…"

"I'll do more than tell you," you promised, your other hand coming up to snake under the waistband of his pants, your fingers dipping down just to glide over the smooth skin. "I'll show you. I'll worship you. Every perfect, flawless inch of you." You sped up your hand, slicking the soaked fabric of his underwear up and down his massive shaft, rubbing and squeezing, focusing your thumb along the massive cum vein along the bottom. "Because you deserve it. You deserve to be worshipped. Doesn't the Overlord deserve to be worshipped?"

"YES! I DO!" he moaned, the sound a mixture of his usual bombast and pure, unadulterated lust. His hips slammed against your hand in time with your strokes, his breath coming in ragged, shuddering pants. His tail was a blur now, hammering against the bench in a frantic, uncontrolled rhythm. He was completely lost to the deluge of praise and pleasure, his smug composure shattered, replaced by a raw, desperate hunger. You had him right where you wanted him: on the verge of collapsing under the sheer weight of his own brilliance, as told by you.

With a final, decisive tug, you hooked your thumbs into the waistband of his underwear and pulled down. The strained fabric gave way and Opera's massive dick sprang free, liberated from its confinement. It was a breathtaking sight, a thick rod of flesh that seemed to have its own gravitational pull. It rose from a nest of neat, orange-tinted curls, impossibly thick and daunting, with heavy, clenched balls to match. But you barely had a moment to take it in before the sheer pressure and stimulation became too much for him.

With clenched teeth, the broad, slick head of his cock convulsed. A thick, pearlescent strand of precum surged from the tip, not dripping, but splurging out in a heavy, ropy stream. It was far more than you were expecting. The hot, sticky fluid splashed across your knuckles and the back of your hand, with several thick droplets landing squarely on the front of your shirt, instantly soaking through the

fabric.

Opera let out a wounded, whimpering cry, his whole body shuddering as if he'd been struck by lightning. "Ah-! Nngh...!" He looked utterly undone, his head lolling back, eyes screwed shut as a wave of pleasure crashed over him. The massive erection twitched and jumped in your hand, pulsing with a frantic rhythm.

It was so huge, so animated, it looked less like a part of him and more like a separate, powerful creature you had just unleashed. It easily dwarfed both of your hands put together, a solid pillar of meat and blood that throbbed with a terrifying intensity.

You stared, momentarily stunned into silence by the sheer scale and the raw, biological display. Leaning in closer, drawn by a morbid curiosity, you let out a soft, shaky breath. The warm puff of air ghosted over the hypersensitive, glistening tip of his cock. The reaction was instantaneous and violent. The entire length of it gave a convulsive, aching throb that seemed to rock him all the way to his core. A low, agonized groan was torn from his throat, and another thick pearl of fluid welled up at the slit.

"Wow," you whispered, a slow, predatory smile spreading across your lips. You had him. Oh, you had him completely. "My Overlord is so excited, he can't even control himself. Making such a mess all over his devoted trainer."

Opera’s eyes snapped open, blazing with a mixture of humiliation and desperate, all-consuming lust. He tried to pull his regal mask back into place, to summon the booming, confident voice of the champion. "That is… merely… a testament to my… my overwhelming vitality…" he stammered, his voice a reedy, breathless mess. His hips twitched, pushing his cock an inch further into the grip of your hand in a blatant, involuntary plea for friction. "The… the sheer force of my passion cannot be contained by… by mere… ahn!" His sentence melted into a pathetic whine as you slowly wiped the back of your hand against the side of his shaft, re-coating him in his own arousal.

"Is that what it is?" you teased, your voice dripping with faux innocence. "Your 'passion'? It looks more like you're about to come apart at the seams." You watched him, enjoying the delicious struggle playing out on his face. He was biting his lower lip so hard you were afraid he'd draw blood, his hands gripping the edge of the bench with so much intensity they turned white. The Overlord did not beg. The Overlord did not plead. And right now, it was taking every last shred

of his willpower not to do exactly that.

"I am… I am always in command of myself…" he insisted, though a powerful shudder that ran through his body made a complete lie of his words. His massive cock gave another heavy, twitching throb, as if to punctuate just how far he had started to fall.

"Are you?" you murmured, finally reaching out. You wrapped one hand firmly around the base of his shaft, feeling the frantic, powerful pulse hammering against your palm. You placed your other hand just below the huge, swollen corona of the head. Even with both hands, you couldn't get your fingers to touch. You were holding a tiger by the tail, a living, breathing conduit of his pride and biology. "Because from where I'm looking, it seems like you're about to melt into a puddle. One more word of praise, and you might just lose your mind."

His eyes, wide and glassy, locked onto yours. The lie was dead. His facade was in ruins, and all that was left was the raw, desperate need. His lips parted, but no sound came out. He was vibrating with tension, caught between the crushing need to be touched and the ingrained pride that forbade him from asking for it. The silent, agonizing plea in his eyes was louder than any words he could have spoken.

You leaned further into his space, your face just inches from his dick. "Here are the rules for this little performance," you whispered, your voice a light as if you weren't enacting sexual torture. You gave the base of his cock a firm squeeze, eliciting a sharp, helpless gasp from him. "You will keep your hands flat on the bench beside you. You will not touch me, and you will not touch yourself. You will take what I give you. Understand?"

He could only manage a frantic, desperate nod, his entire focus narrowed down to your hands on his cock.

"Good boy," you praised, the words dripping with condescension. And then you began.

Your hands, slick with his precum, moved with a steady, deep rhythm. The sound was obscene in the quiet room—a wet, slapping noise as you stroked from the base to the swollen head. You used both hands, one chasing the other, creating a relentless, overwhelming friction. Opera's body reacted instantly. His back arched, his powerful abdominal muscles clenched, and a low, continuous moan began to build in the back of his throat.

"That's it," you encouraged, your eyes fixed on his, watching the

control drain from his face. "What a magnificent body. So strong… look at how it trembles for me."

His hips began to move, a slow, seeking grind, trying to meet the pressure of your hand. "Trainer…" he panted, his voice cracking. The pitch of his moans began to rise, his breath coming in short, pathetic bursts. You saw it in his eyes, the way they unfocused, the sheer tension coiling in his frame. You felt it in your hands, the final surge of blood that made his cock feel like it might just burst, the flesh at the base beginning to throb uncontrollably. He was right there.

And you stopped.

Your hands went completely still, just resting on the fat slab of meat. The abrupt cessation of movement was nothing short of shocking to him. Opera cried out, a sound of pure, agonized frustration. "Nn-no! Why—?! I was about to—"

"Not yet," you chided softly. "The crescendo can't come so soon. The audience would be disappointed." You watched, fascinated, as the tidal wave of his orgasm slowly, painfully receded, leaving him trembling and exquisitely sensitive. The frustration on his face was a work of art.

It was too much for him. His right hand shot off the bench, his fingers clawing for your wrist, trying to pull your hand back into motion. "Please—!"

SMACK!

You brought your free hand down on the back of his. It wasn't a strong hit, but the sound was loud, a gunshot in the air. It was a slap of absolute authority. "What did I say, Opera?" you asked, your voice cold.

He yelped, snatching his hand back as if burned, his eyes wide with shock. A faint red mark was already blooming on his skin. A pathetic, wounded whimper escaped his lips as he slammed his palm back down onto the bench, chastened.

"That's better," you cooed, before your hands began their merciless work once more. This time, you were even more cruel. You brought him up fast, your strokes hard and deep, pushing him right back to that same precipice. His hips began to slam upwards, a frantic, desperate attempt to fuck your hand, to force the release he craved.

"Ahn—mhhgnn! Trainer! Please!" he begged, all semblance of pride gone.

"Shhh," you commanded, using your forearm to press down firmly on his pelvic bone, pinning his hips to the bench and stopping his frantic movements. "Stay still for me. Surely the great Overlord wouldn't finish that fast. You're above that, aren't you? You have stamina. You have grace." Each word of praise was a poisoned dart, twisting the knife of denial. "Shine for me, Opera. I want to see you burn. I want to see you hold this right on the edge until I say so."

You let him hover there, right on the brink, his entire eight-foot frame a single, quivering nerve of need. His toes were curled, his jaw was clenched, and tears of sheer overstimulation were beginning to leak from the corners of his eyes. Again, just as the final convulsions began to take hold at his core, you slowed to a gentle, teasing caress, letting the orgasm melt away into nothing but aching need.

He screamed this time, a raw, ragged sound of pure torment. "I can't —! Trainer, I'm going to—!"

"You're going to do exactly as I say," you cut in, your voice dropping to a low, hypnotic murmur as you started stroking him again, slowly this time. "You are the star of this show, and the star doesn't cum until the director gives the cue. So you will hold on. You will endure. You will be the handsome, irresistible performer I know you are." You leaned down, your lips brushing his ear. "Now, show me again how brightly you can burn before I let you fall."

You brought him to that razor's edge one last time, his body a taut bowstring of agonizing pleasure. He was beyond coherent thought, a creature of pure sensation, trembling on the verge of a cataclysmic release. His knuckles were bone-white where he gripped the bench, his entire frame locked in a desperate battle for control he had already lost.

A broken sound escaped him, so quiet it was almost consumed by the sound of your hand on his dick. "...please... trainer... m'gonna..."

Your hand stopped dead. The silence that fell was deafening, broken only by his ragged, frantic panting. His eyes, which had been screwed shut, flew open, wide with panic and confusion.

"What was that?" you asked, your voice deceptively soft. You tilted your head, a cruel, knowing smile playing on your lips. "I didn't quite hear you. You'll have to speak up. The great T.M. Opera O is known

for his projection, isn't he? He doesn't mumble his lines."

His face crumpled. The conflict was a physical agony, his pride making one last stand against a body that was screaming for release. He shook his head, a silent, pathetic plea. Tears welled up, thick and heavy, tracing paths through the sheen of sweat on his face.

You waited, your hand a dead, heavy weight on his throbbing cock, a promise and a threat. You didn't move a muscle. "I'm waiting, Opera. The show can't go on until the star says his line."

That was it. The final thread of his composure snapped. The dam of his pride shattered, and everything came pouring out in pure animalistic desire. His voice was a ragged, sobbing roar that echoed off the tiles.

"PLEASE!" he screamed, the word torn from the very depths of his soul. "TRAINER, PLEASE, I'M BEGGING YOU! LET ME CUM! I NEED TO CUM, PLEASE, PLEASE LET ME CUM! PLEASE!"

A thrill shot through you, pure and triumphant. That was the submission you'd been waiting for. A victorious smile stretched across your face. "As the Overlord commands," you purred, and your entire demeanor shifted. The cruel tormentor vanished, replaced by the most ardent worshipper. "Yes, Opera. Yes, you can. You've earned it. You've been so perfect for me. Now do it. Cum for me. Show me the grand finale. Show me how the Overlord shines."

Your hand became a blur, a piston of focused intent. You pumped his leaking dick with a frantic, desperate speed that matched the energy of his plea, your other hand cupping his balls, giving a rolling stimulation along the taut skin. The praise poured out of you, a relentless torrent of adoration. "Yes! Just like that! You’re so perfect! Look at you, beautiful, handsome, perfect god! Give it to me, Opera! Give me all of it!"

His body bowed up off the bench, a rigid arc of pure, unadulterated pleasure. A guttural, inhuman whine was ripped from his throat as the first, powerful convulsion seized him. His massive cock bucked in your hand a couple more times, trying to bury itself as deep as possible, and then it erupted.

A thick, viscous ropes of semen shot out with incredible force, splashing across your chest and cheek, hot and sticky. Another followed immediately, then another, thick, steaming ropes of it coating your hand, your arm, splashing against his own flat, quivering

stomach. It was an absolutely obscene amount, the intensity of the orgasm you'd forced him to hold back for so long coming out all at once.

"Yes! More!" you egged him on, your voice as wild as his climax. You didn't stop stroking, your hand sliding through the thick, copious mess, milking him relentlessly. "Empty it allllll out! What a magnificent finish! The performance of a lifetime!"

Opera was gone. His head was thrown back so far you could see the taut line of his throat pulsing with every beat of his heart. Sobs tore from his lips, indistinguishable from his moans of pleasure. His entire body was locked in a series of violent, rolling spasms, each one sending another thick, creamy jet of cum pulsing over your fist. You felt his powerful thigh muscles clenching and unclenching under your grip, his tail thrashing wildly against the bench. He was absolutely melting, coming apart in your hands as you praised him, worshipped him, and drained every last drop of cum from his perfect, shuddering body.

You continued to stroke him, slower now, your hand moving through the thick, sticky mess you'd made together. His spasms subsided into weak, full-body tremors, his penis pulsing out a few final, drooling, warm drops with each twitch. The air was thick with the salty, musky scent of his release and the sound of his ragged, sobbing breaths. He was a magnificent ruin, a fallen monarch in the aftermath of a glorious battle.

His eyes, when they finally fluttered open, were unfocused and clouded with the phantom pleasure of his orgasm. They found yours, and he looked at you with a raw, unguarded vulnerability you had never seen before. He was completely bare, not just in body, but in soul.

You held his gaze, a slow smile touching your lips. Then, you slowly lifted your hand, the one completely coated in his essence. It was dripping with thick, white fluid, strands of it connecting your fingers. Without breaking eye contact, you brought your knuckles to your mouth and dragged your tongue through the mess. You licked a clean stripe through the thickest part of it, tasting him.

A full-body shiver wracked his exhausted frame. A soft, wounded sound, half whimper and half gasp, escaped his lips as he watched you. It was an act of ultimate possession, of claiming his offering, and it sent one last, powerful aftershock of pleasure through his system.

Satisfied, you let your hand drop. You finally released him, his now softening cock flopping heavily against his own cum smeared thigh. You stood and walked over to the nearby monogrammed gear bag he'd left by the lockers. You pulled out a thick, plush towel, clean and white.

Returning to his side, you found him just as you'd left him: a boneless, panting heap on the bench, staring into space. You reached up, this time your movements were all gentle. You used a corner of the soft towel to carefully, tenderly, wipe the tears from his cheeks. You dabbed at the sweat on his brow, your touch light and reassuring. He closed his eyes, leaning into your touch like he was seeking comfort, a soft, contented sigh whispering past his lips.

After cleaning his face, you leaned in close, your lips brushing against the delicate, velvety fuzz of his ear. Your voice was a low, intimate blessing, for him and him alone.

"You did so, so good, my Overlord," you whispered, your voice a light, soothing murmur. "You gave me everything. You were so beautiful, begging for me like that... It was the most perfect finish I've ever seen."

A soft, contented hum rumbled deep in his chest, and he instinctively nuzzled his head against your hand, a gesture of pure, thoughtless affection. You let him rest there for a moment before delivering the final, crucial lines of the script.

"And if you shine just as brightly for me in the next race," you continued, your tone a silken promise, "if you win for me again... you can get another reward. An even better one."

His ear gave another sharp, distinct flick. Even in his exhausted, post-orgasmic haze, the challenge, the promise, landed perfectly. His breathing was already evening out, the deep exhaustion pulling him toward sleep. He was clean, praised, and already dreaming of his next glorious performance, and the magnificent prize that would be waiting for him at the finish line.

End Notes

https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

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